

...THIS IS NORMAL.

THE DOCTORS SAY
I'M CRAZY, LIKE DAD.

THEY SAY I
KILLED NATE.

HE'D BE NEARLY
SIXTEEN BY NOW.
IF HE'S ALIVE.

AT BEST NATE'S PAYING
THE PRICE IN SOME
OTHER DIMENSION,
STRANDED FOR YEARS.

AND I'M STUCK IN HERE.

DON'T HAVE THE BRAINS TO
BUILD ANOTHER PILLAR
EVEN IF I COULD GET OUT.

I'VE LOST HIM.

AGAIN.

GOOD
MORNING,
MR. MCKAY.

NO THREATS
OF VIOLENCE
TODAY?

GOOD.

SEEMS WE'VE FINALLY
SUBDUED YOUR
ANGER.

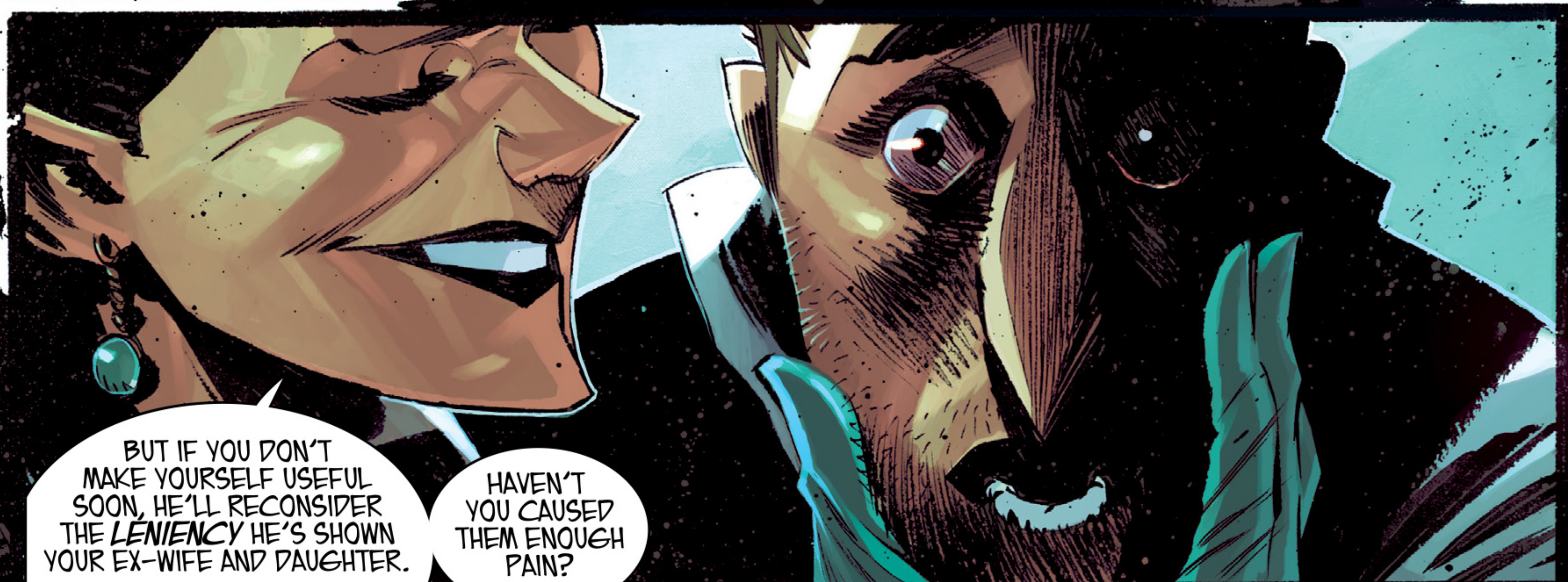
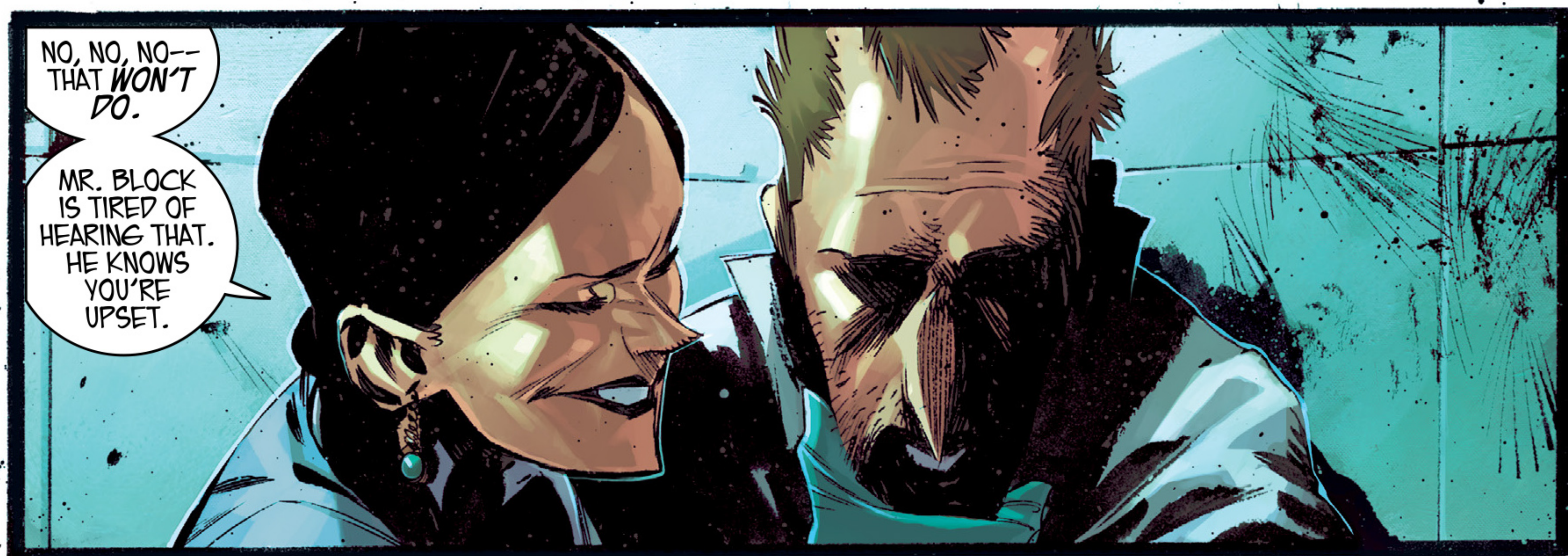
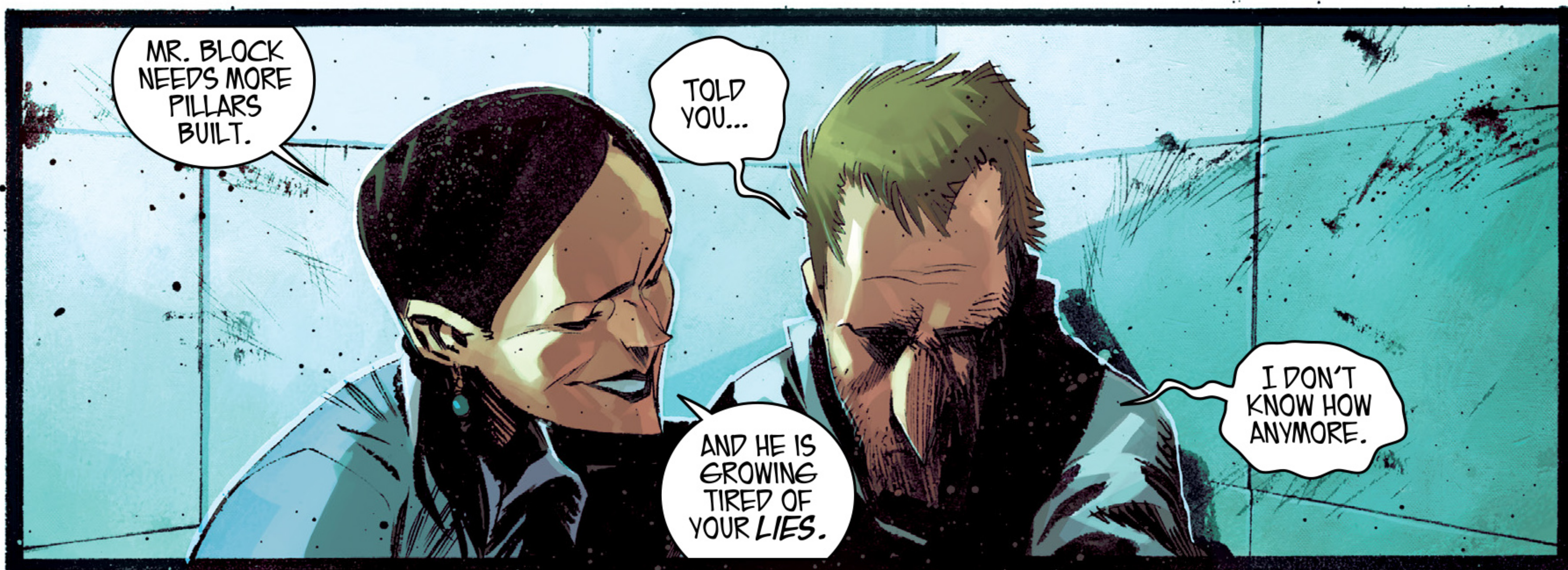
SAVES
EVERYONE
A LOT OF
TROUBLE.

YOU
ESPECIALLY.

NOW THE
HEALING CAN
BEGIN.

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM





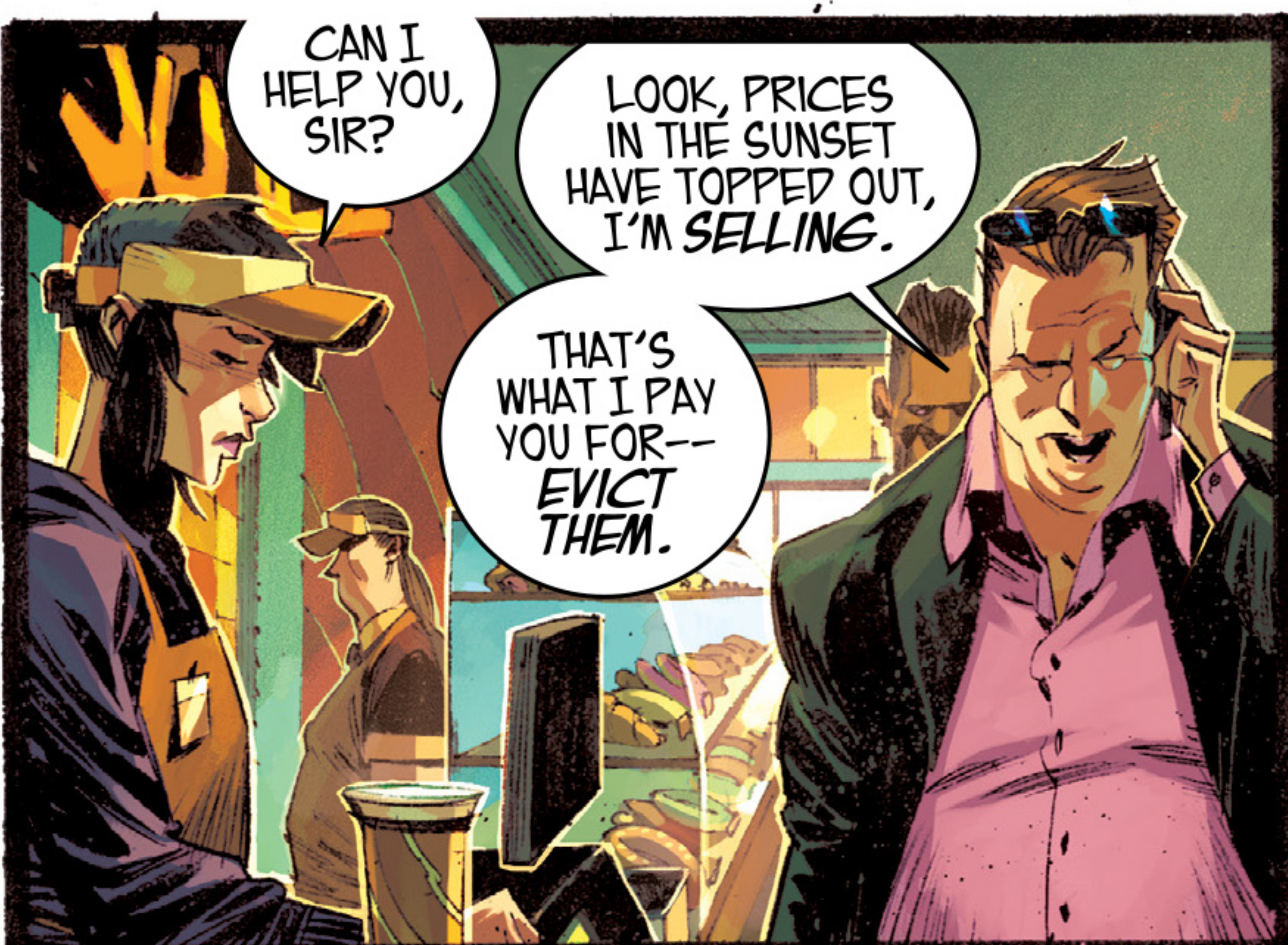
"... I KNOW YOU'LL MAKE THE **SMART CHOICE**."

TENANTS' FEELINGS DON'T MAKE A BIT OF **FUCKING** DIFFERENCE TO ME--

WE'VE ALREADY GONE OVER THIS.

WHAT CAN I GET FOR YOU?

AM I SUPPOSED TO LOSE MONEY BECAUSE THESE LOSERS USED THEIR BOOTSTRAPS TO TIE OFF?



CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?

LOOK, PRICES IN THE SUNSET HAVE TOPPED OUT, I'M **SELLING**.

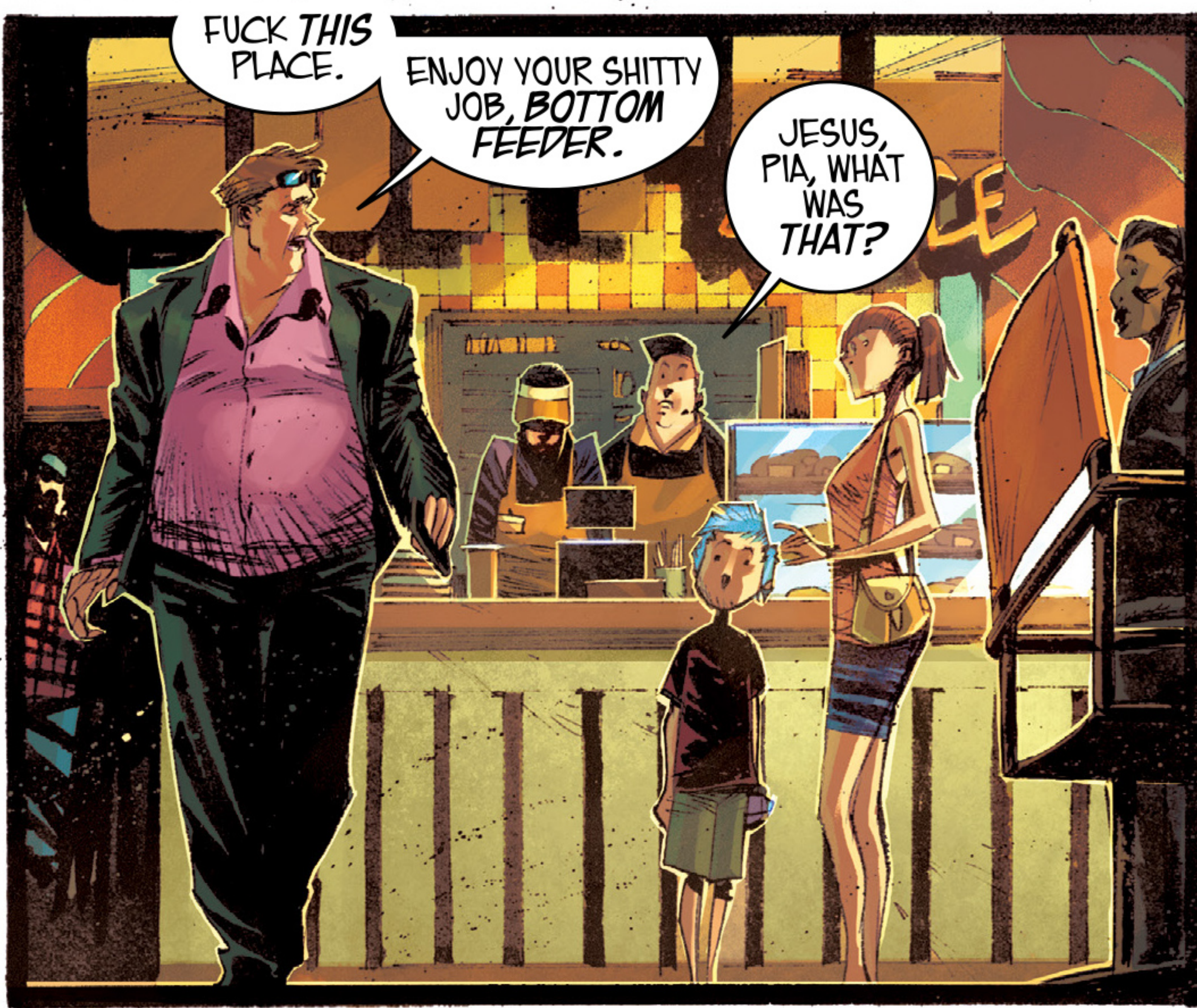
THAT'S WHAT I PAY YOU FOR-- **EVICT THEM**.



FUCKHEAD!

YOU'VE REACHED THE POINT OF THE LINE WHERE YOU ORDER YOUR DRINK!

CAN YOU TAKE A BREAK FROM BEING A PIECE OF SHIT SO I CAN GET YOU A TEN-DOLLAR CUP OF JUICE?!



FUCK THIS PLACE.

ENJOY YOUR SHITTY JOB, **BOTTOM FEEDER**.

JESUS, PIA, WHAT WAS **THAT?**



THIS CITY HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY **THAT GUY**.

I CAN'T CHANGE IT, BUT I SURE AS **SHIT** DON'T HAVE TO ALLOW HIM TO STEAL MY DIGNITY BY MAKING ME WAIT TO TAKE HIS ORDER.

I DON'T CARE **HOW** YOU FEEL ABOUT OUR CLIENTELE--



OKAY.

IT'S ALL
RIGHT,
LINDA.

PIA, WHY DON'T
YOU TAKE THE
AFTERNOON?



CUT
HER SOME
SLACK.

WHY?
WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL ABOUT
PRINCESS
PIA?

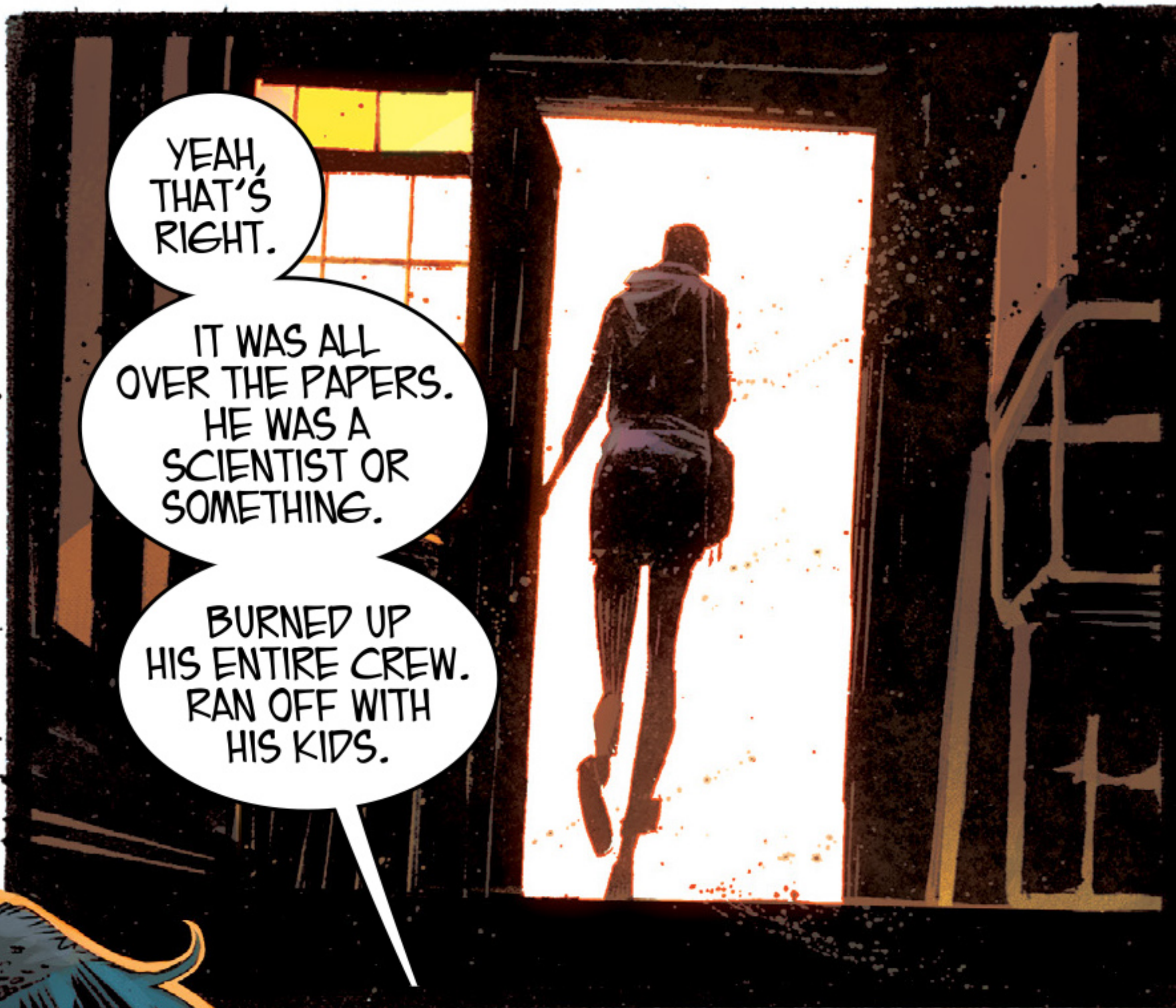
DON'T
YOU KNOW?



HER FATHER
KIDNAPPED
HER FOR THREE
YEARS.

LUNATIC
KILLED HER
BROTHER IN
FRONT OF
HER.

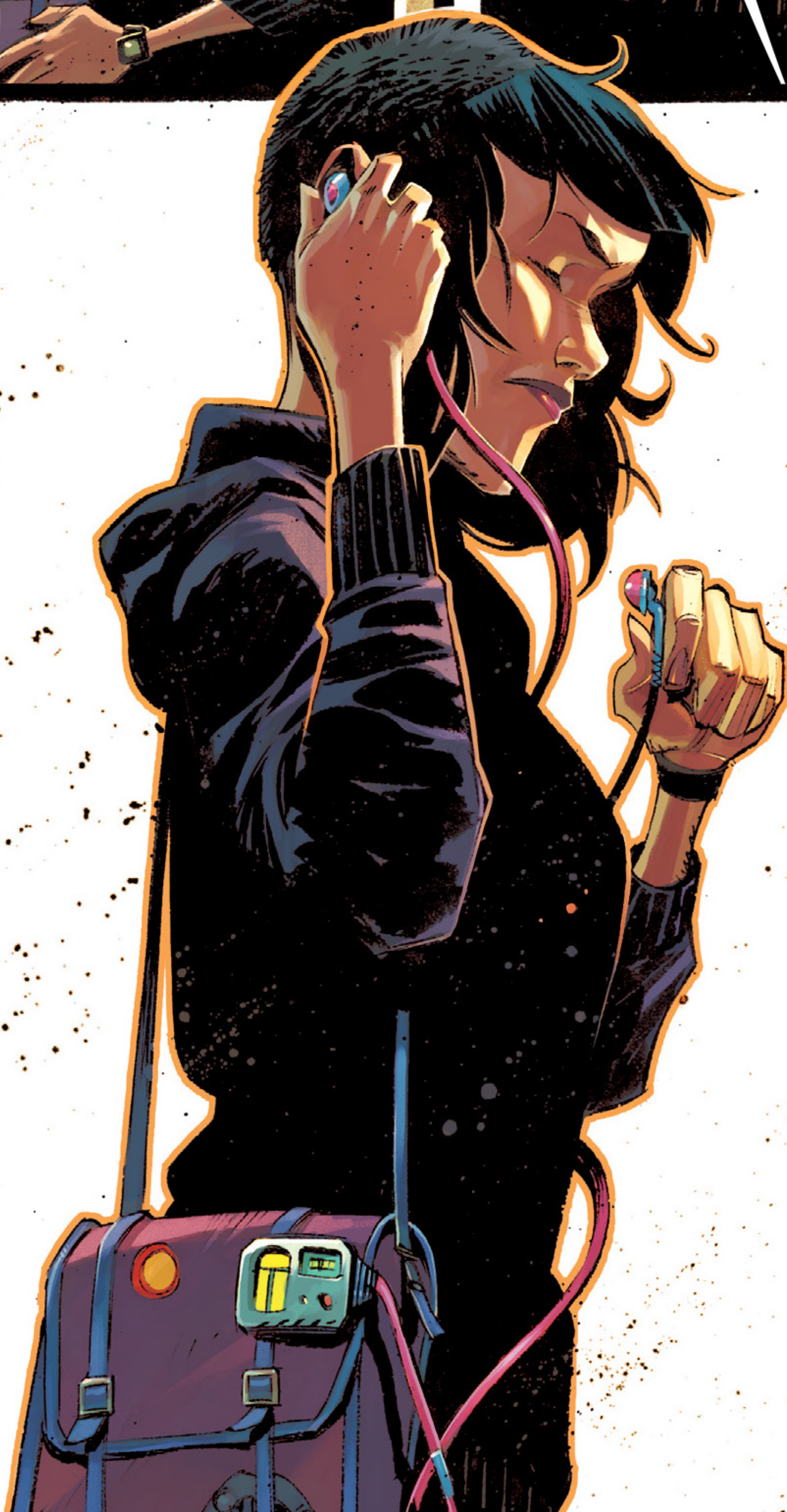
JESUS
CHRIST.



YEAH,
THAT'S
RIGHT.

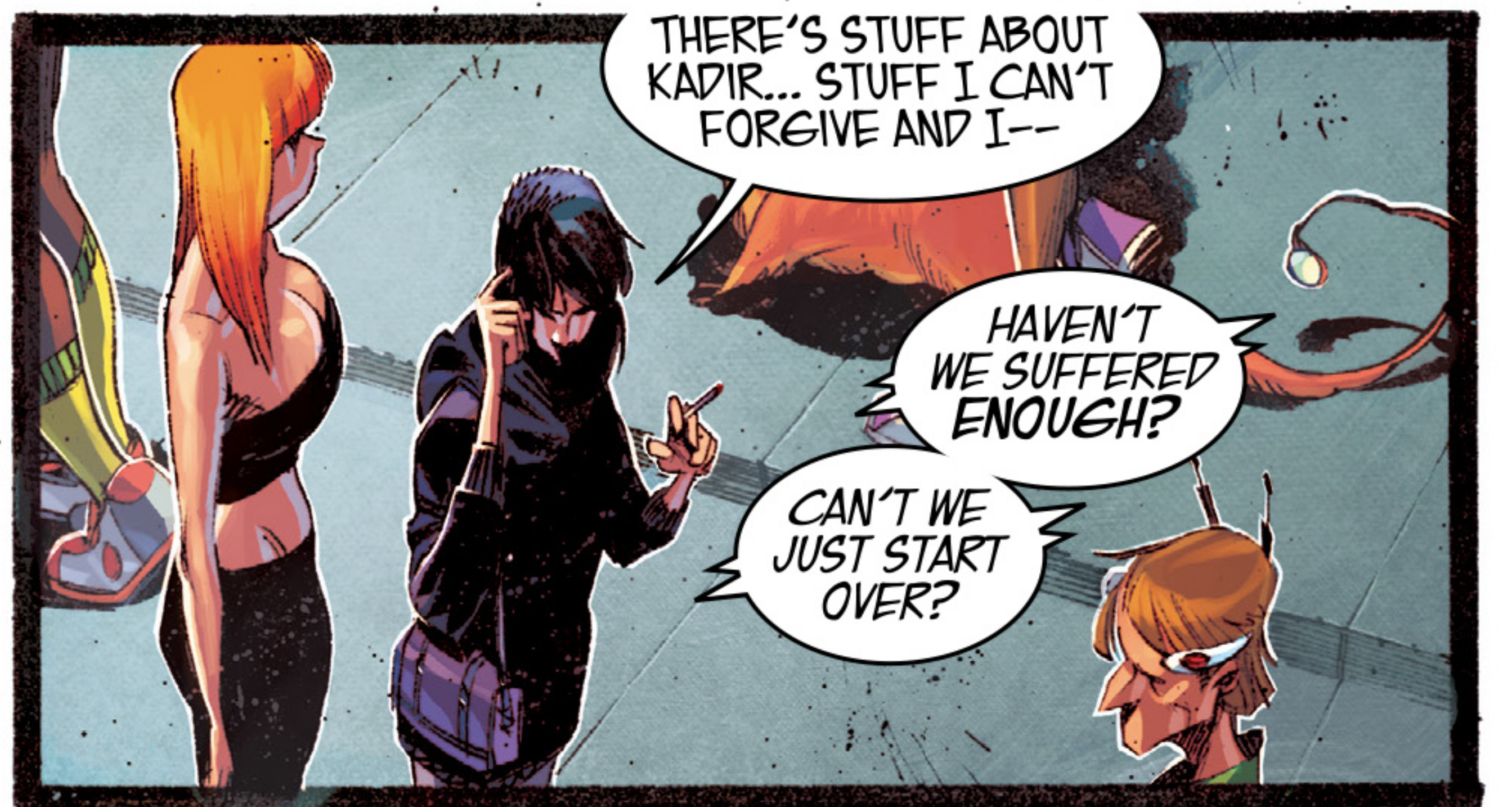
IT WAS ALL
OVER THE PAPERS.
HE WAS A
SCIENTIST OR
SOMETHING.

BURNED UP
HIS ENTIRE CREW.
RAN OFF WITH
HIS KIDS.

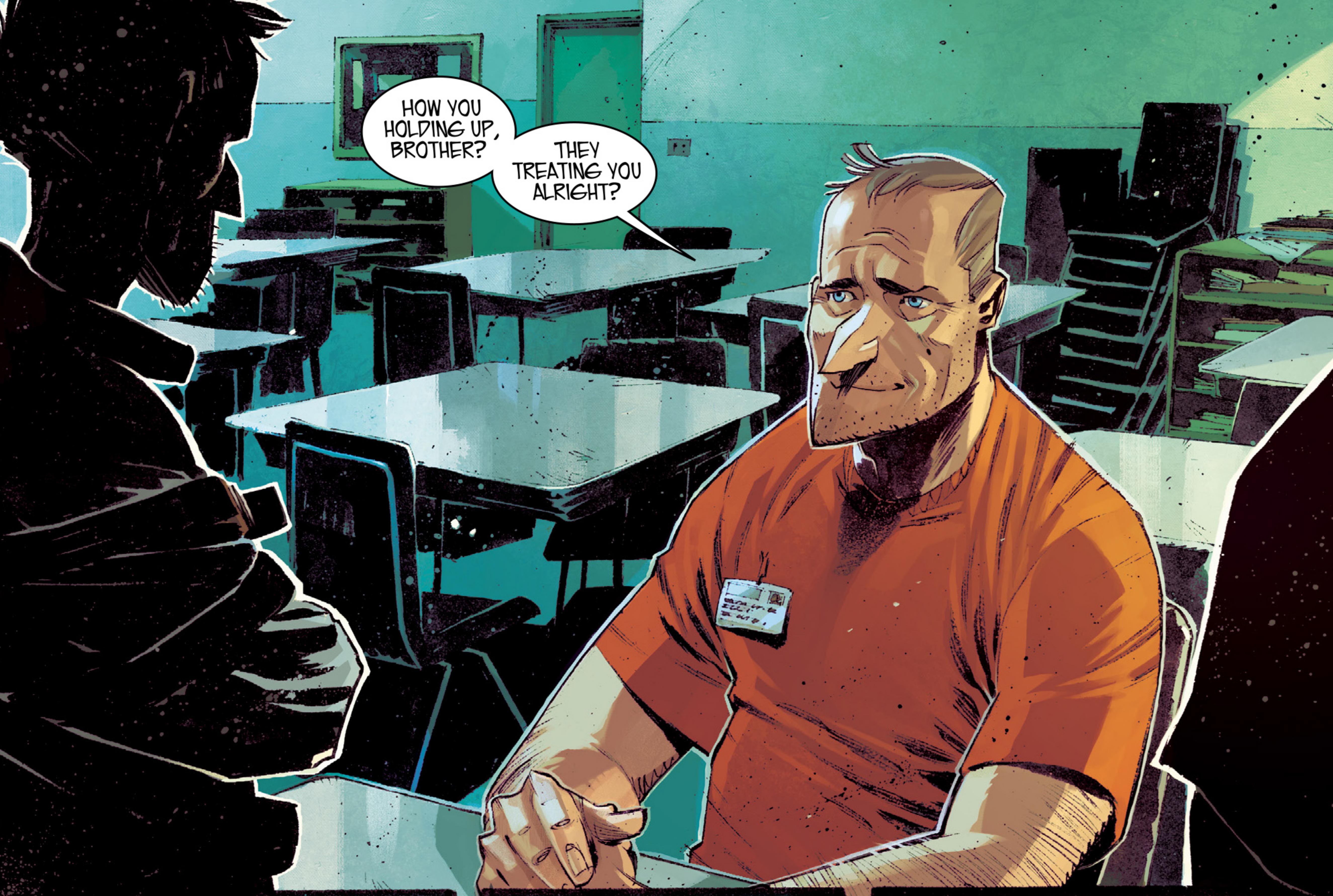


"HER DAD'S
A PSYCHO.

"HE REALLY
MESSED
HER UP."







HOW YOU
HOLDING UP,
BROTHER?

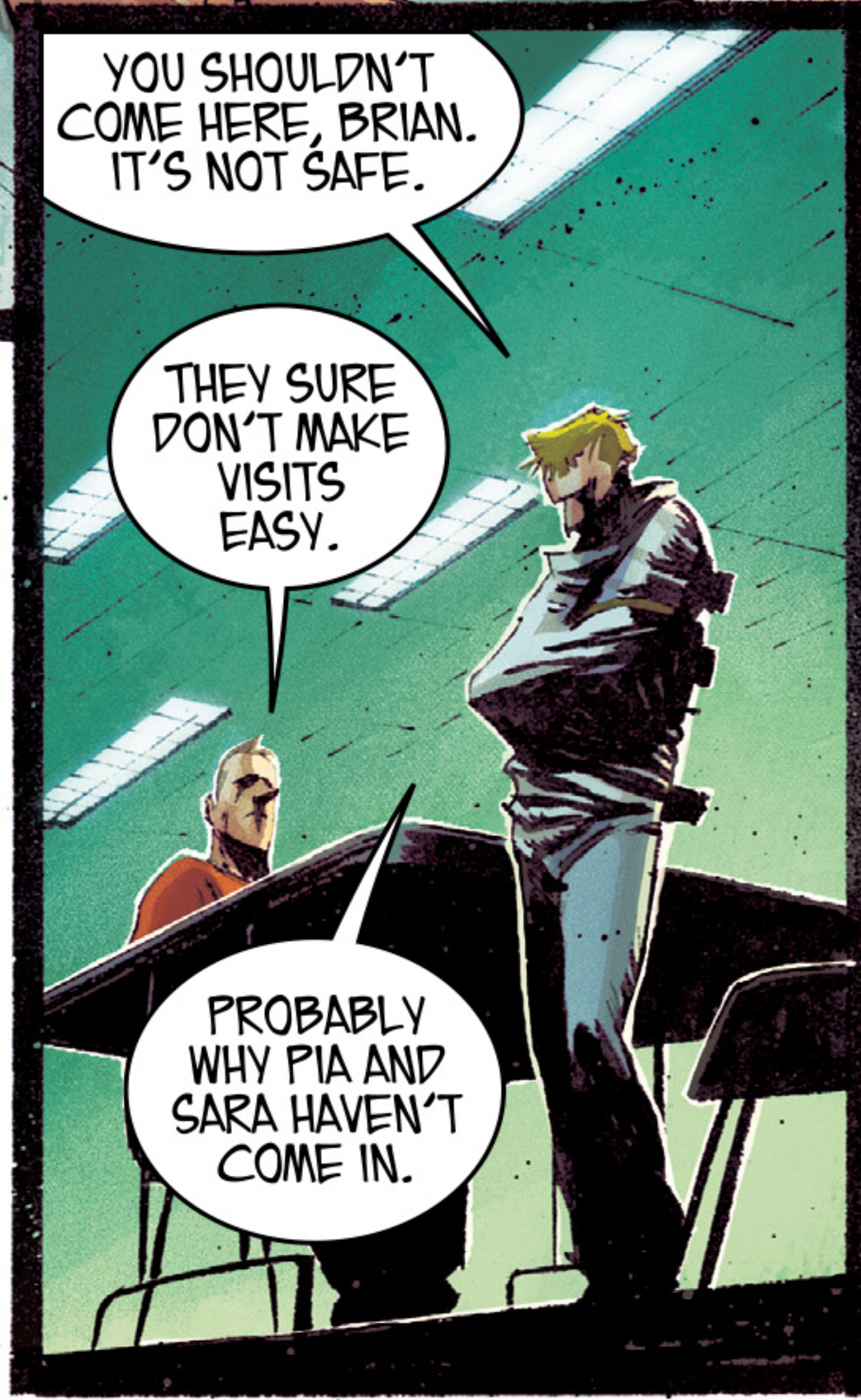
THEY
TREATING YOU
ALRIGHT?



BETTER THAN HE
DESERVES.

YOU MIND
FUCKING
OFF, TUBS?

NICE.
GUESS
"ASSHOLE"
RUNS IN THE
FAMILY.



YOU SHOULDN'T
COME HERE, BRIAN.
IT'S NOT SAFE.

THEY SURE
DON'T MAKE
VISITS
EASY.

PROBABLY
WHY PIA AND
SARA HAVEN'T
COME IN.



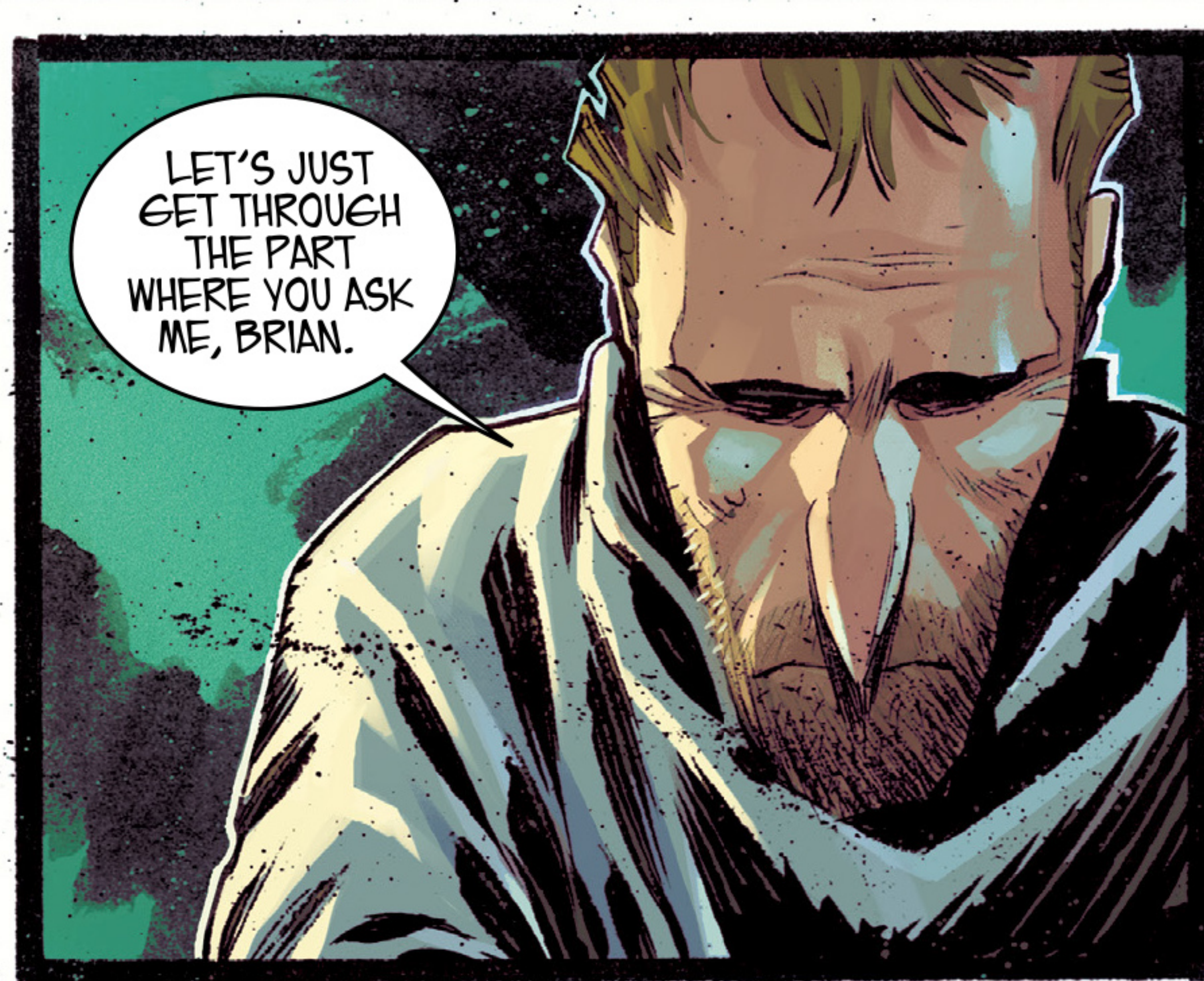
YEAH...
PROBABLY.



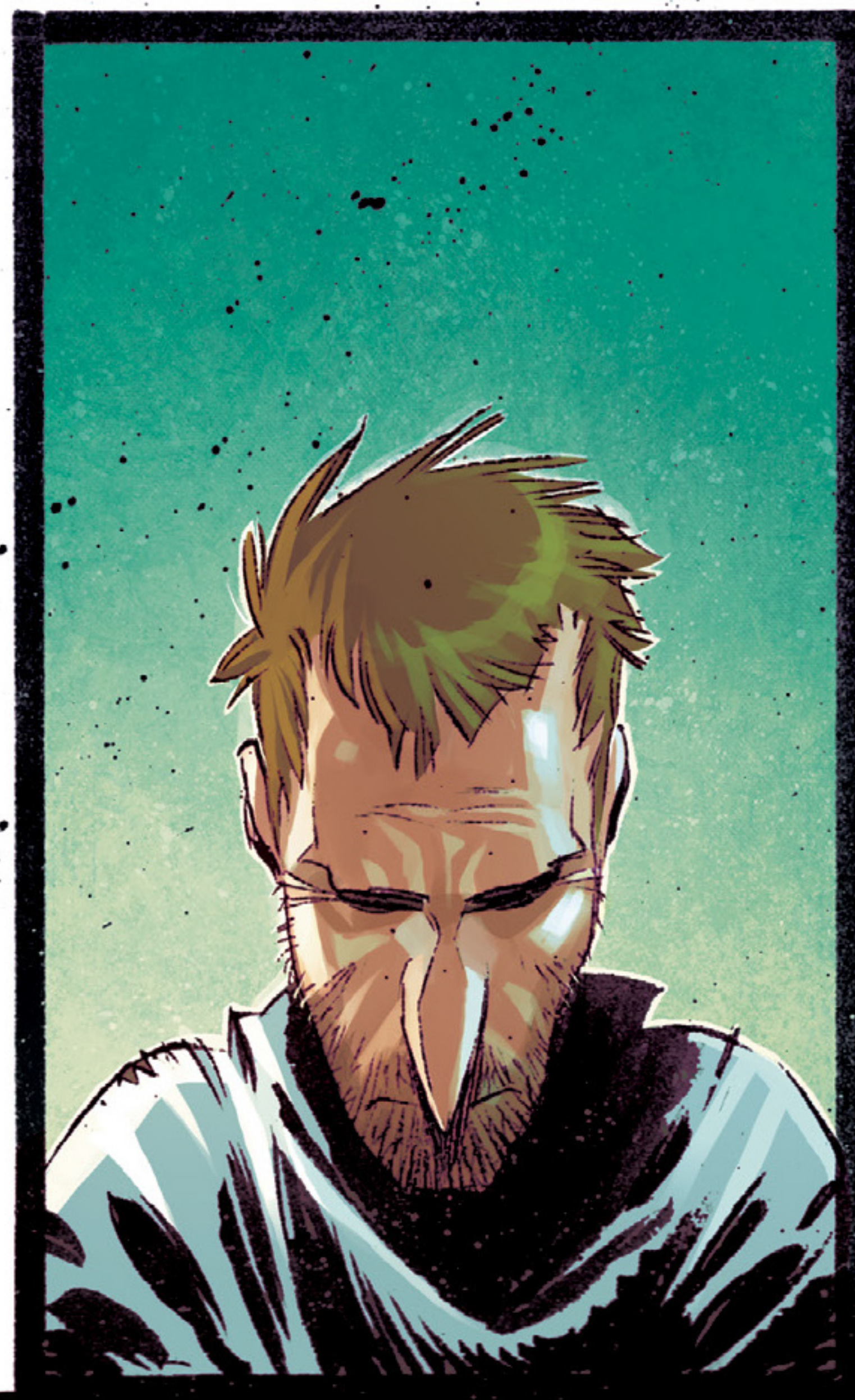
HAD
LUNCH WITH
THEM LAST
WEEK.

THEY'RE
DOING WELL.

ALL THINGS
CONSIDERED.



LET'S JUST
GET THROUGH
THE PART
WHERE YOU ASK
ME, BRIAN.



"...I CAN'T TELL YOU."

MOM?

HAVE YOU BEEN ASLEEP ALL DAY?

YOU'VE BEEN MIXING THE PILLS WITH WINE AGAIN.

HMMH?

PLEASE, YOU CAN'T DO THAT, IT'S DANGEROUS.

I'M SORRY, PIA, I KNOW... IT'S JUST... IT'S BEEN A BAD WEEK.

CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT NATE.

YOU KNOW THE THINGS THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT DAD--

DON'T. JUST... I KNOW HE DID A NUMBER ON YOU, BUT PLEASE STOP DEFENDING HIM.

IN FACT, STOP MENTIONING HIM AT ALL.

YOU NEED TO ACCEPT WHAT HE DID.

ACCEPT THAT NATE... NATE IS...

NO. MOM, GODDAMN-IT.

IT'S COMPLICATED. DAD... HE...

HE WHAT?

WHAT AREN'T YOU TELLING ME?!

HEY HEY!



TONIGHT'S THE BIG NIGHT! WHO'S EXCITED?

...

WHAT?

WHY THE LONG FACES?



SARA, I TOLD YOU WE'D BE LEAVING IN AN HOUR, WHY AREN'T YOU--

YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE US FOR NOT BEING IN THE MOOD TO CELEBRATE YOU, KADIR.



PIA, YOU'RE UPSETTING YOUR MOTHER.

AGAIN.

WOULD YOU PLEASE COME HELP ME PICK OUT HER DRESS?



DO YOU THINK THIS HELPS?

YOU *KNOW* WHAT HE'LL DO TO ALL OF US IF YOU TELL HER THE TRUTH.

SEEMS LIKE IT'S ALL WORKING OUT JUST FINE FOR YOU.

YOU GET MY MOTHER, A NEW HOUSE, FAME, AWARDS...



YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.

WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO.

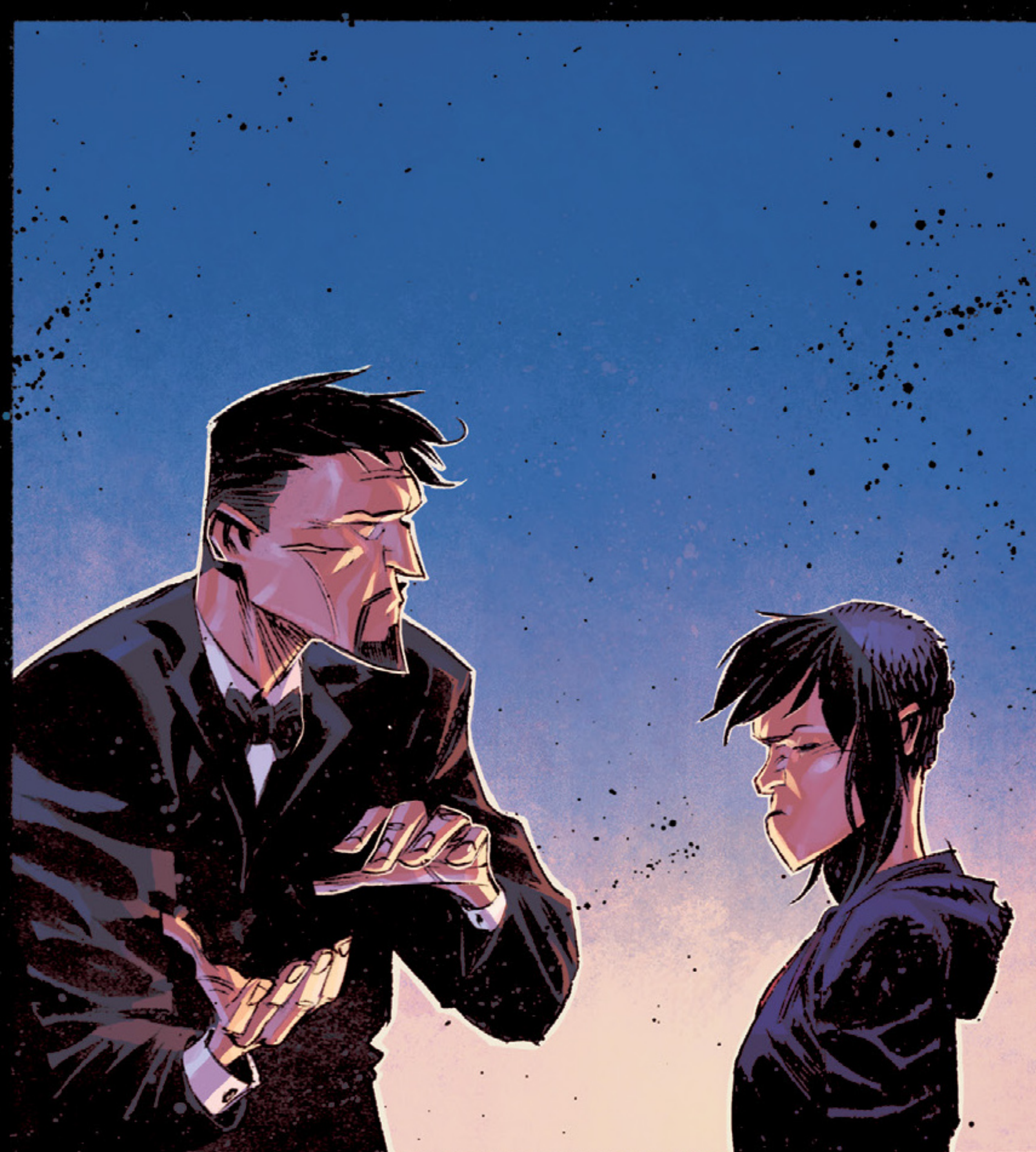
JUST... PLEASE JUST LET ME HANDLE THIS.



LIKE YOU HANDLE MY MOM?

MY DAD'S SPENT SIX MONTHS LOCKED IN A PADDED CELL WHILE YOU TAKE CREDIT FOR HIS INVENTION AND FUCK HIS WIFE!

NATE'S STILL OUT THERE, LOST GOD KNOWS WHERE--HOW EXACTLY ARE YOU HANDLING THAT?!



"...AND THINGS ARE MUCH BETTER WHEN HE IS."

SIX PERFECT TITTIES!

I MEAN, THAT'S THE DIMENSION I BELONG IN, HANK.

SHIT, IF YA'LL HADN'T DRAGGED ME OUT I'D HAVE NEVER LEFT.

HAR--WE ALL FIGURED YOU WERE JUST HOPING TO FIND OUT IF THE DUDES THERE HAD SIX PERFECT DICKS.

YEAH, JUST LOOKING FOR THE PERFECT PLACE FOR YOUR DAD TO RETIRE.

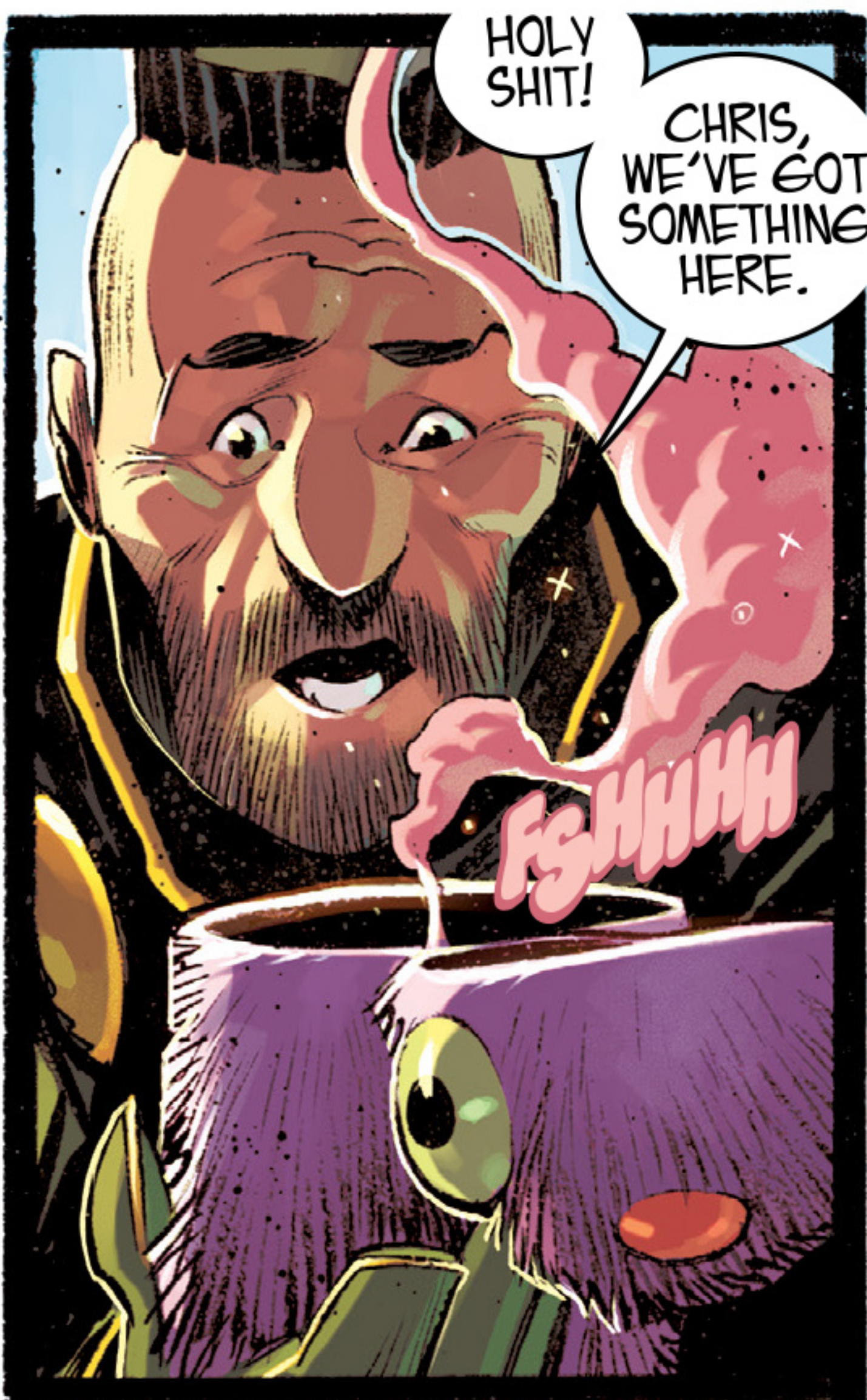
WHAT HAS YOUR JAUNT UNCOVERED, MR. PETERSON?

FOUND SOMETHING I THINK YOU'LL LOVE.

QUITE A HAUL!

YES, SIR, WE MANAGED TO HIT OVER FORTY DIMENSIONS AND GATHER SAMPLES FROM EACH.

THAT LAST ONE WAS A REAL TREAT, SIR.





GAZE
NOW UPON
HAR'LOGH
THE DEFILER!

BRINGER OF
ARMAGEDDON.
DRINKER OF
HOPE.

GHAHH!

HOLY
SHIT--!

HELP
ME!

THE DEMON LORD
HAR'LOGH WILL FEED
FOR ETERNITY UPON
YOU INSIGNIFICANT
SOULS!

GAKK!

YERGH--!



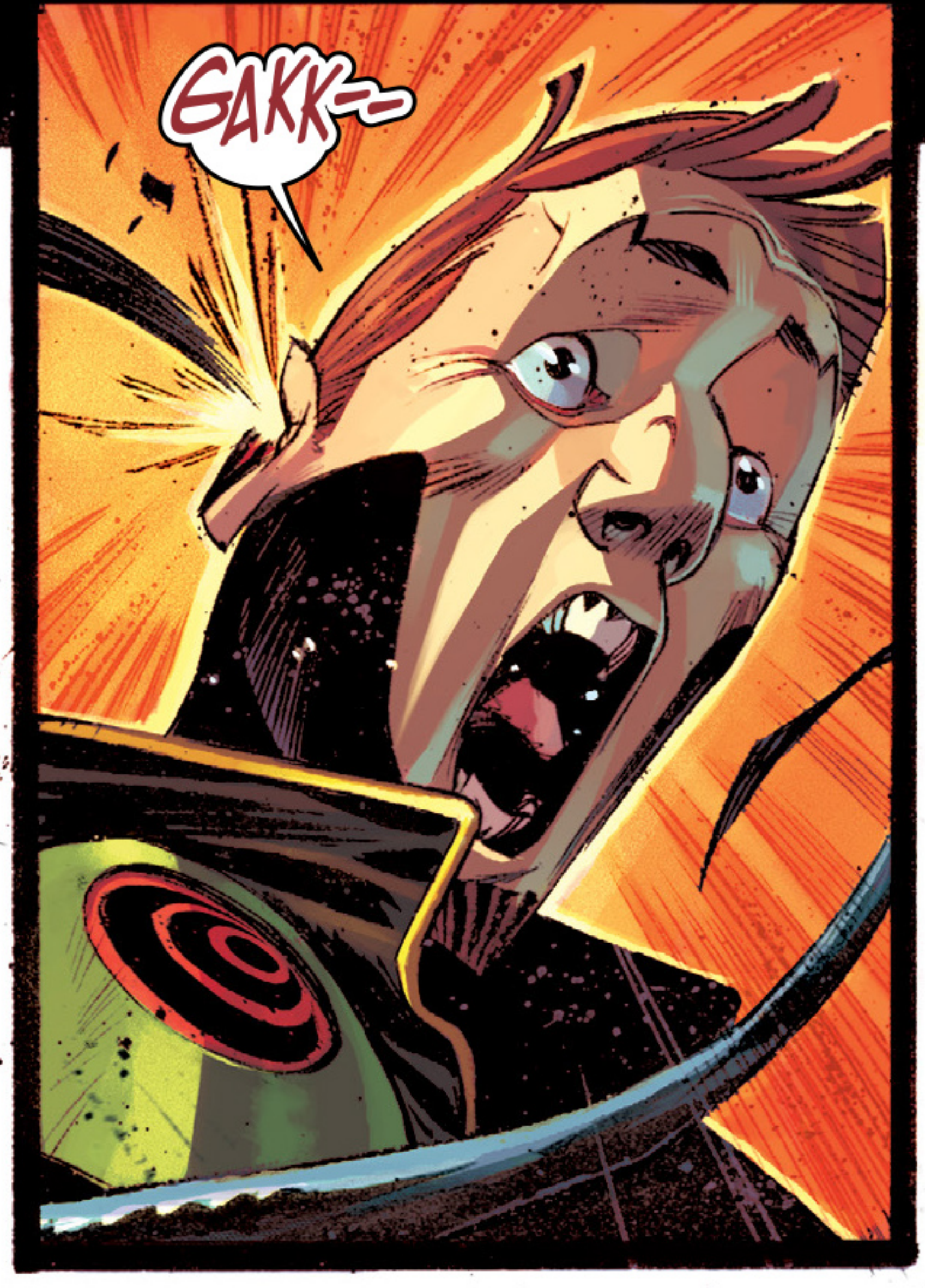
OPEN THE
DOORS!

OPEN THE
FUCKING
DOORS!



YOU KNOW
OPERATIONAL
PROCEDURE FOR
THESE EVENTS,
PETERSON.

YOU FAT
SON OF
A--



GAKK--



HAR'LOGH
DELIGHTS
AT YOUR
SUFFERING.

GHRASHH--!



I WILL FEAST
ON THE FACES
OF YOUR DEAD
MOTHERS.

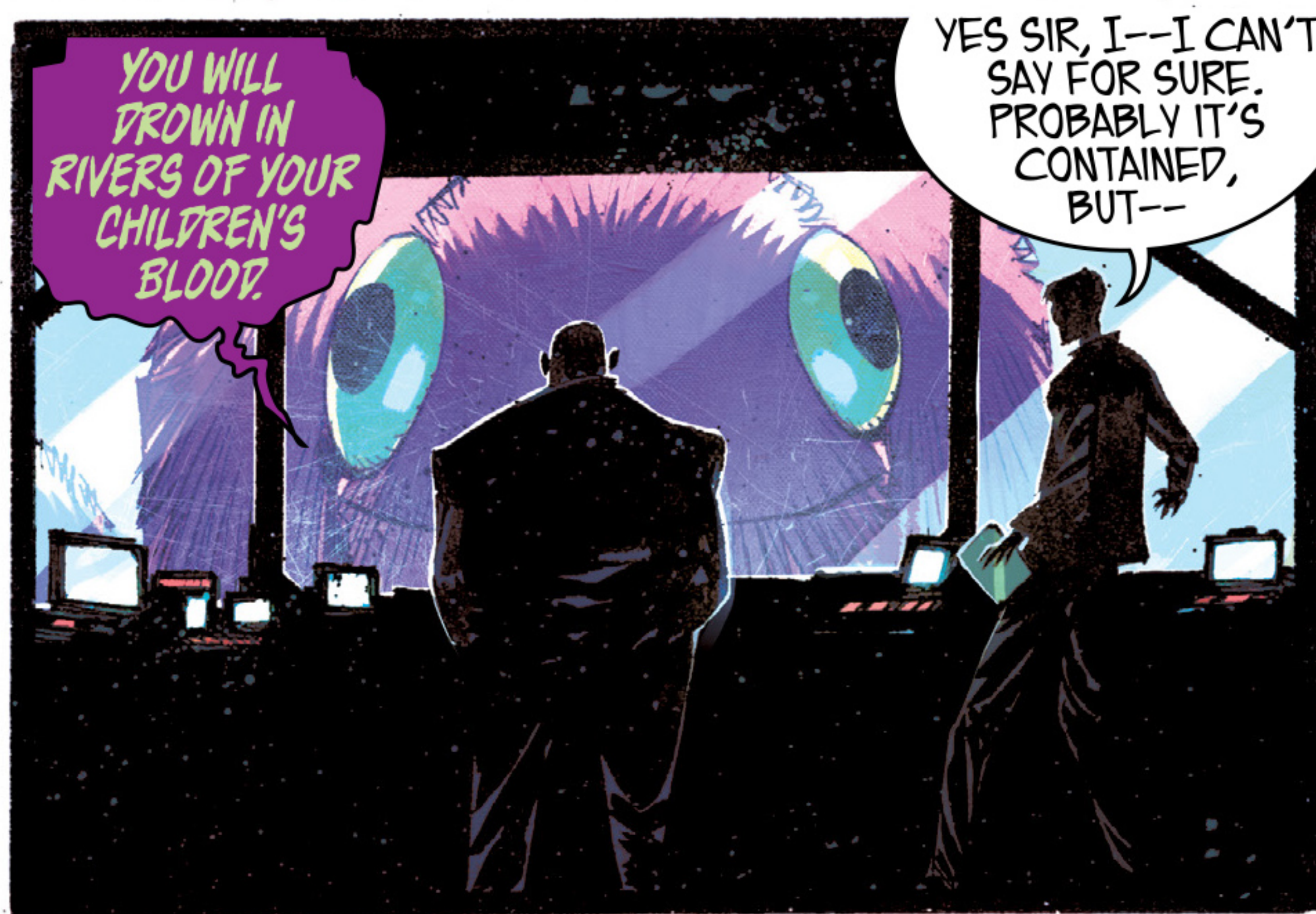


YOUR WORLD
WILL FESTER IN
THE POLLUTION
OF MY EVIL.

IS IT
CONTAINED
IN THERE,
MR. TOTTEN?

I RECOMMEND
WE INCINERATE
AND VENT THE
ROOM TO BE
SAFE--

THAT
ISN'T WHAT
I ASKED.



YOU WILL
DROWN IN
RIVERS OF YOUR
CHILDREN'S
BLOOD.

YES SIR, I--I CAN'T
SAY FOR SURE.
PROBABLY IT'S
CONTAINED,
BUT--



GOOD. HAVE
MY SUIT FOR
TONIGHT'S GALA
BROUGHT TO
MY ROOM,
TOTTEN.

I NEED
TO REHEARSE
MY SPEECH.



OPEN THE
GRATES AND
STORE OUR NEW
PET IN THE LOWER
CONTAINMENT
CELL.

AND BRING
IN ONE OF THE
ANCILLARY TEAMS
TO MAN THE PILLAR
IMMEDIATELY...



"...I WILL NOT HAVE US FALLING BEHIND SCHEDULE."

...SO REST ASSURED THAT **BLOCK INDUSTRIES** MAINTAINS A STRONG COMMITMENT TOWARDS OUR INVESTORS.

WITHOUT YOUR FAITH AND FUNDING, NONE OF OUR **MAGNIFICENT** INNOVATIONS WOULD HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE.



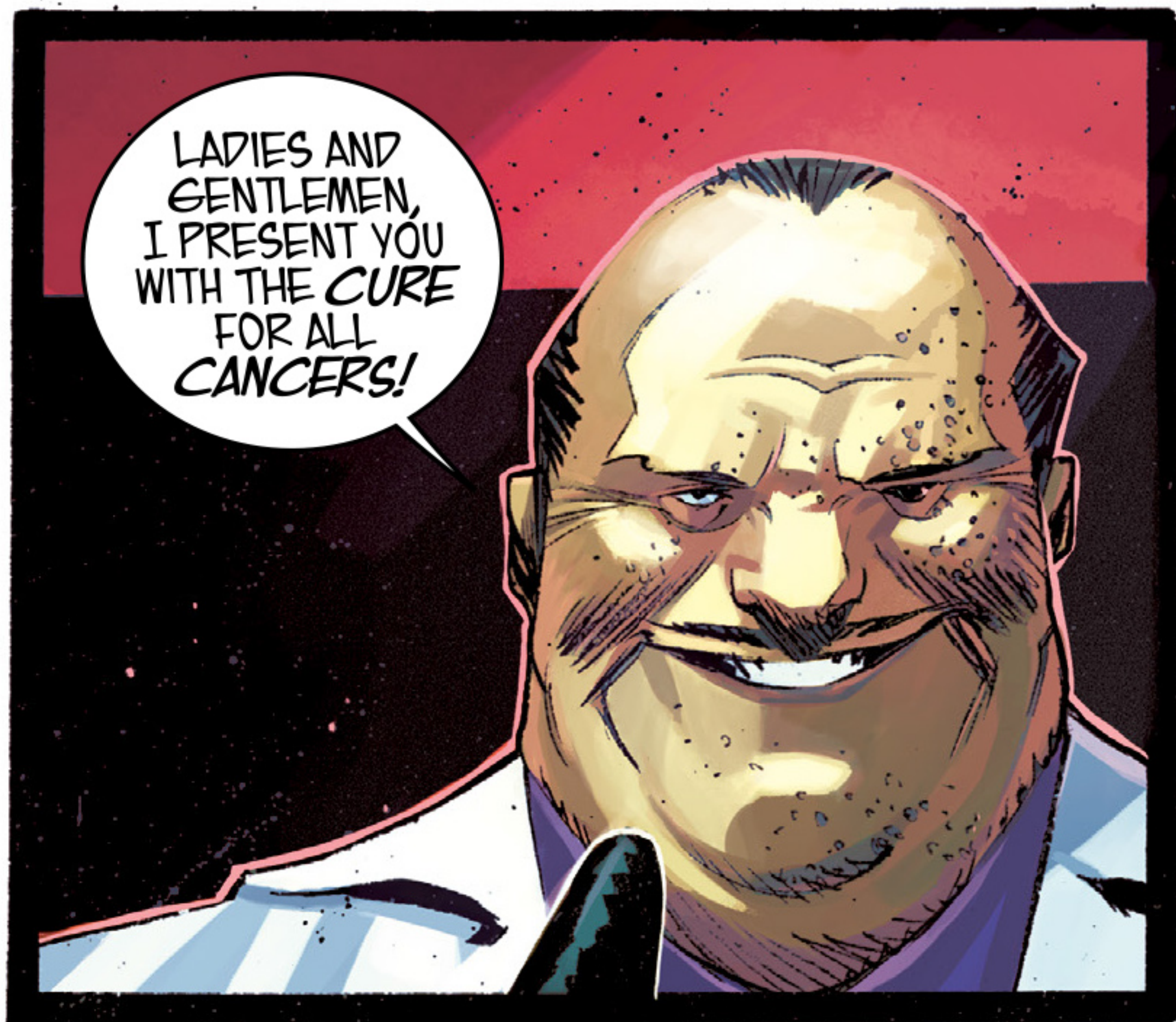
INNOVATIONS THAT HAVE REWOUND CLIMATE CHANGE, GIVEN US CLEAN RENEWABLE ENERGY, AND COUNTLESS TECHNOLOGIES THAT HAVE ENSURED OUR GREAT NATION'S CONTINUED ECONOMIC DOMINATION.

AND WE'RE ONLY GETTING STARTED.



ALLOW ME TO GET TO THE GRAND UNVEILING YOU WERE ALL PROMISED.

A SIMPLE-LOOKING DEVICE, YES?



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I PRESENT YOU WITH THE **CURE** FOR ALL **CANCERS!**



A ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR THE MAN, THE MIND, BEHIND ALL OF **BLOCK'S** NEW DEVELOPMENTS--



KADIR ASLAN!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP



CONGRATULATIONS,
DEAR.



ALL OF
YOUR HARD
WORK, IT'S JUST
INCREDIBLE.

YOU'VE
CHANGED THE
ENTIRE
WORLD, KADIR.
REALLY.

YEAH.
I-IT WASN'T
ALL ME...



MR. BLOCK IS
JUST BEING
GENEROUS.

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO PLAY
HUMBLE. NOT
TODAY. YOU'VE
SAVED THE WORLD.

ENJOY
THIS.



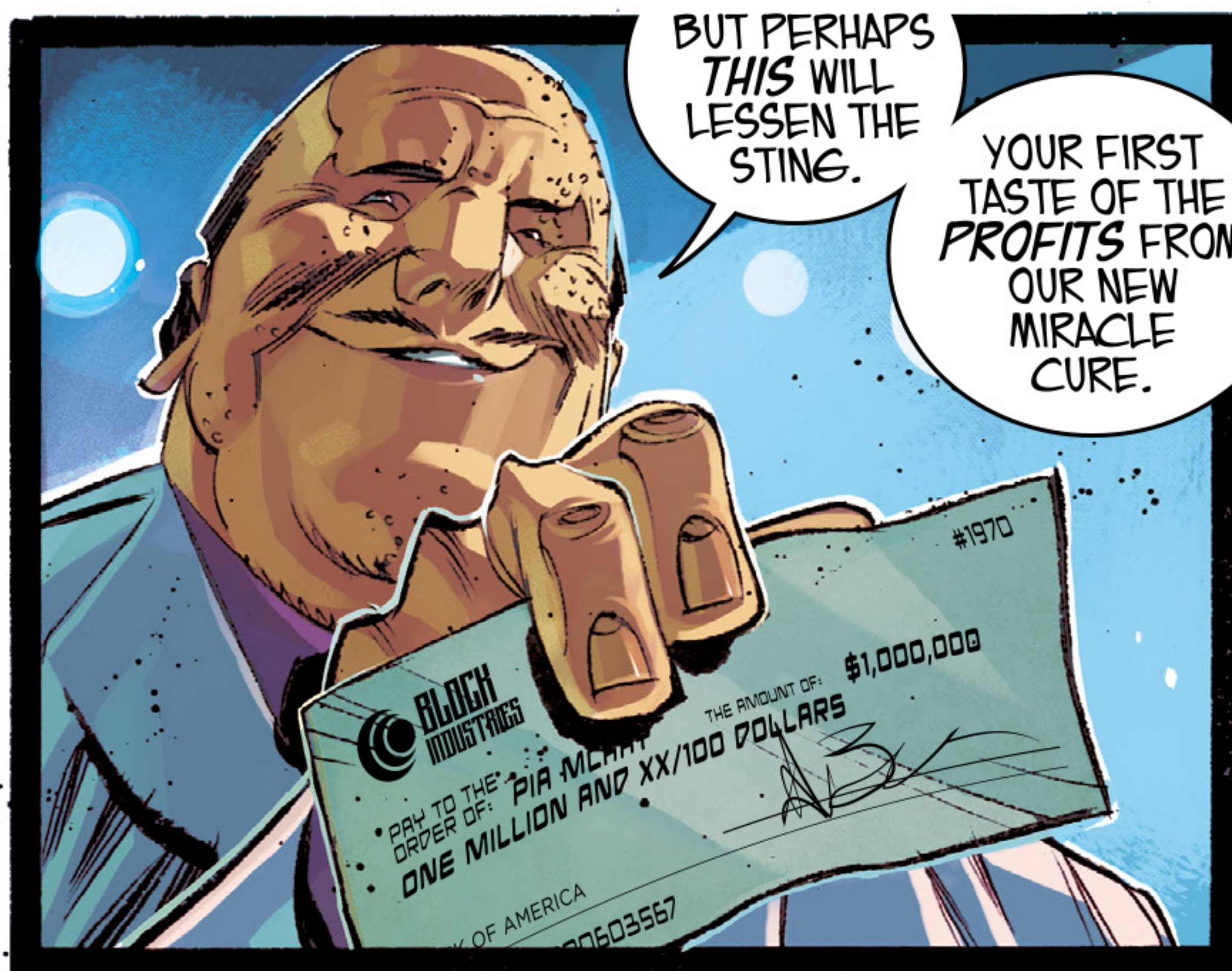
PIA, MY
DEAR GIRL,
AS RADIANT
AS EVER!



NOW I KNOW THIS HAS BEEN A DIFFICULT
PERIOD FOR YOU, BUT I ALSO KNOW THAT
YOU'VE DONE AN **EXEMPLARY** JOB
KEEPING YOUR SIDE OF
OUR AGREEMENT.

WHAT
ARE MY
OPTIONS?

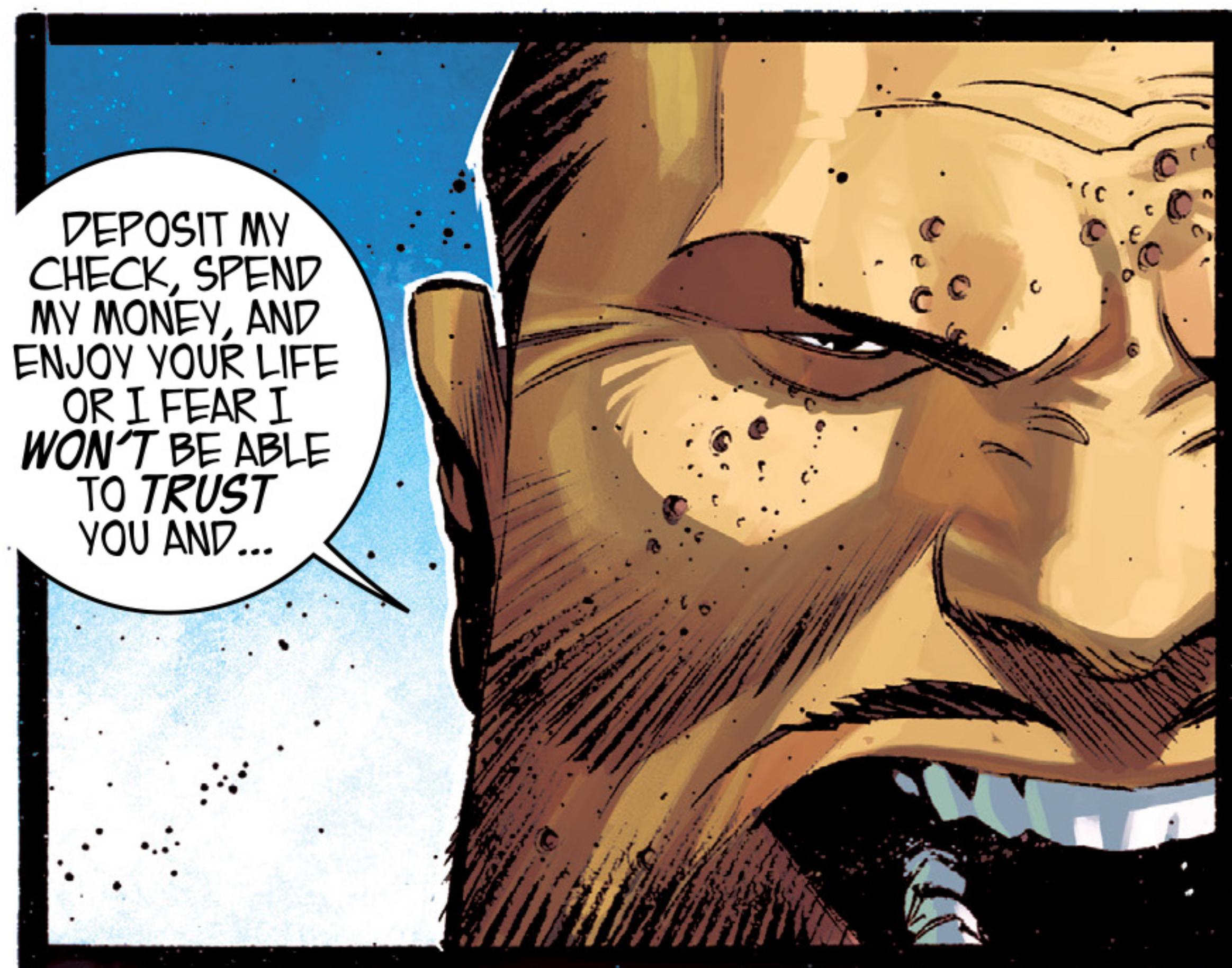
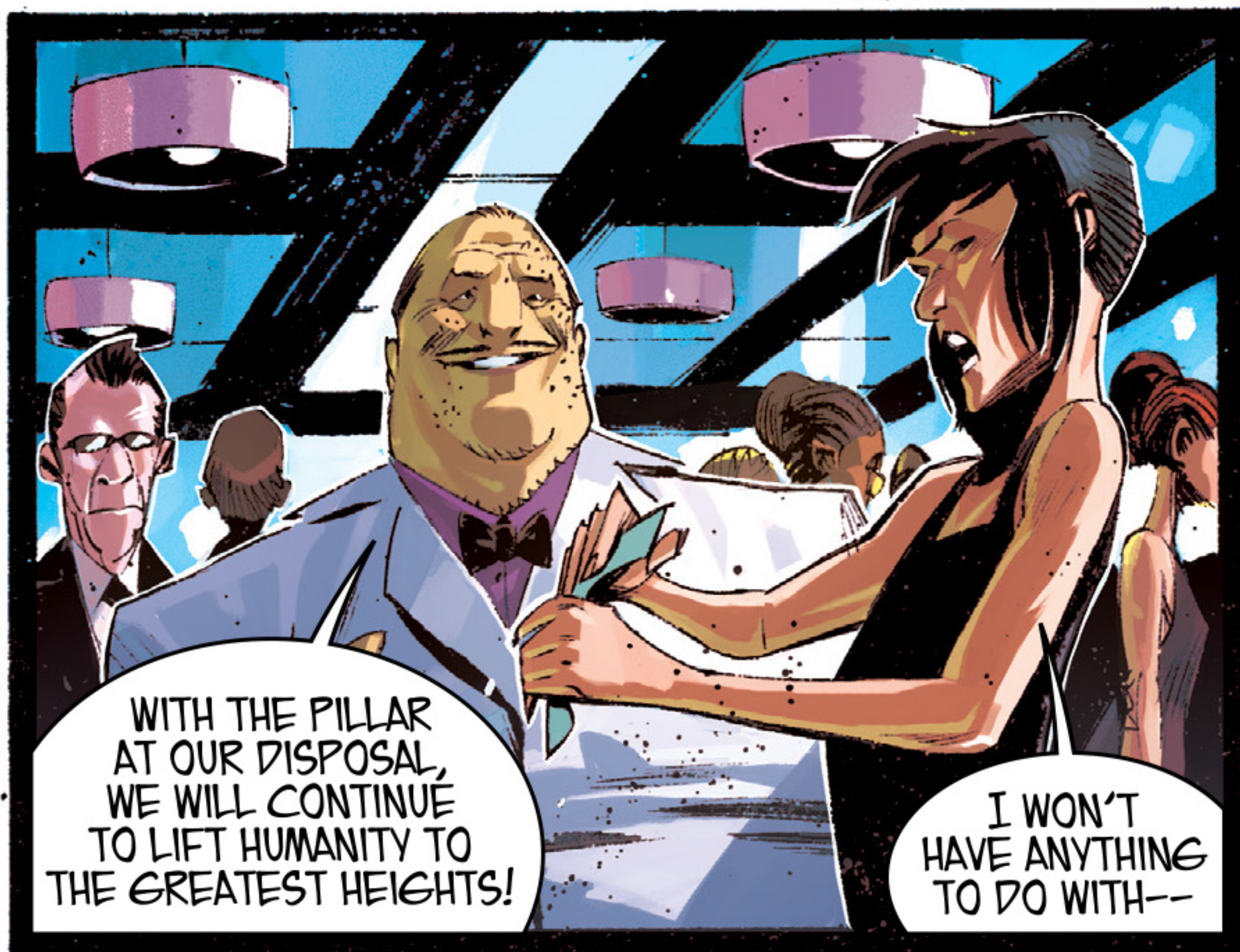
JUST
ONE,
REALLY.

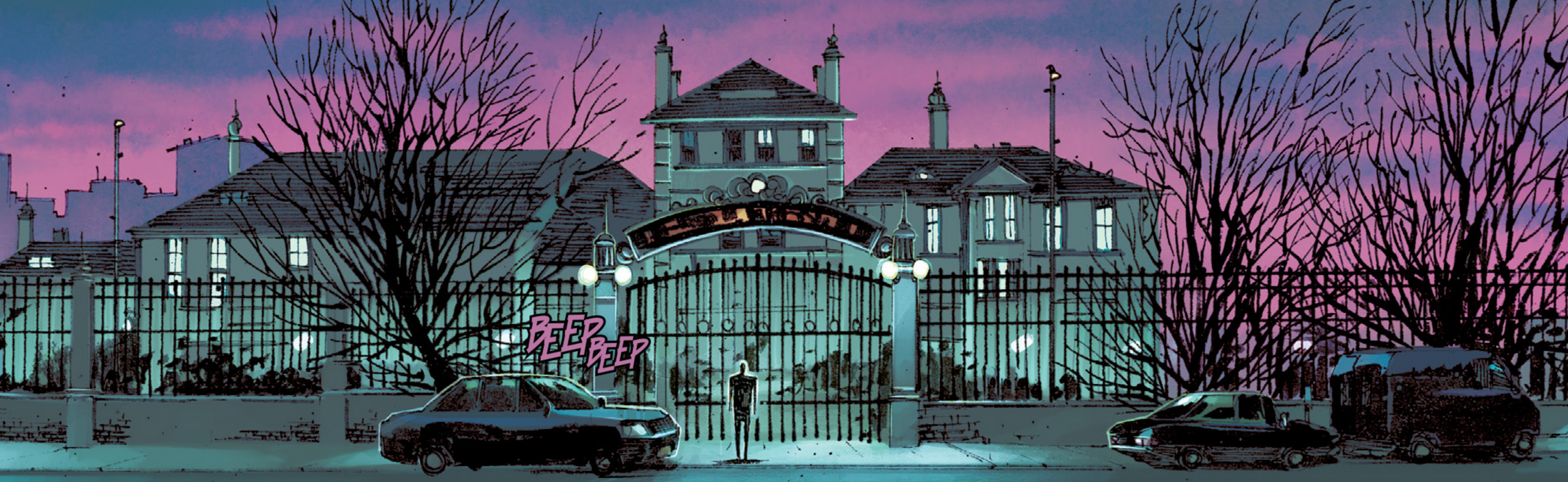


BUT PERHAPS
THIS WILL
LESSEN THE
STING.

YOUR FIRST
TASTE OF THE
PROFITS FROM
OUR NEW
MIRACLE
CURE.

BLOCK INDUSTRIES
#1970
THE AMOUNT OF: \$1,000,000
PAY TO THE ORDER OF: PIA MCLEOD
ONE MILLION AND XX/100 DOLLARS
OF AMERICA
00603567





BEEP BEEP



DEET



WELL
PAST VISITING
HOURS, SIR?

MY HALL
PASS IS IN
THE BREAST
POCKET.



FIVE
MINUTES.



HOW THEY
TREATIN'
YOU,
GRANT?



WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

I JUST
WANTED
TO TELL YOU
SOMETHING.

YOU
STABBING
ME IN THE CHEST
WAS THE BEST
THING THAT EVER
HAPPENED TO ME.



GOT ME EVERYTHING
I EVER WANTED.

WHEN THE
PILLAR JUMPED,
IT SENT ME BACK
HOME.

SHAWN
CHANGED
THE DESTINATION
COORDINATES.



BEFORE
YOUR MISTRESS
BASHED HIS
HEAD IN WITH
A WRENCH.



BUT THAT'S
NOT YOUR
FAULT EITHER, IS
IT? HOW COULD
YOU HAVE KNOWN,
RIGHT?

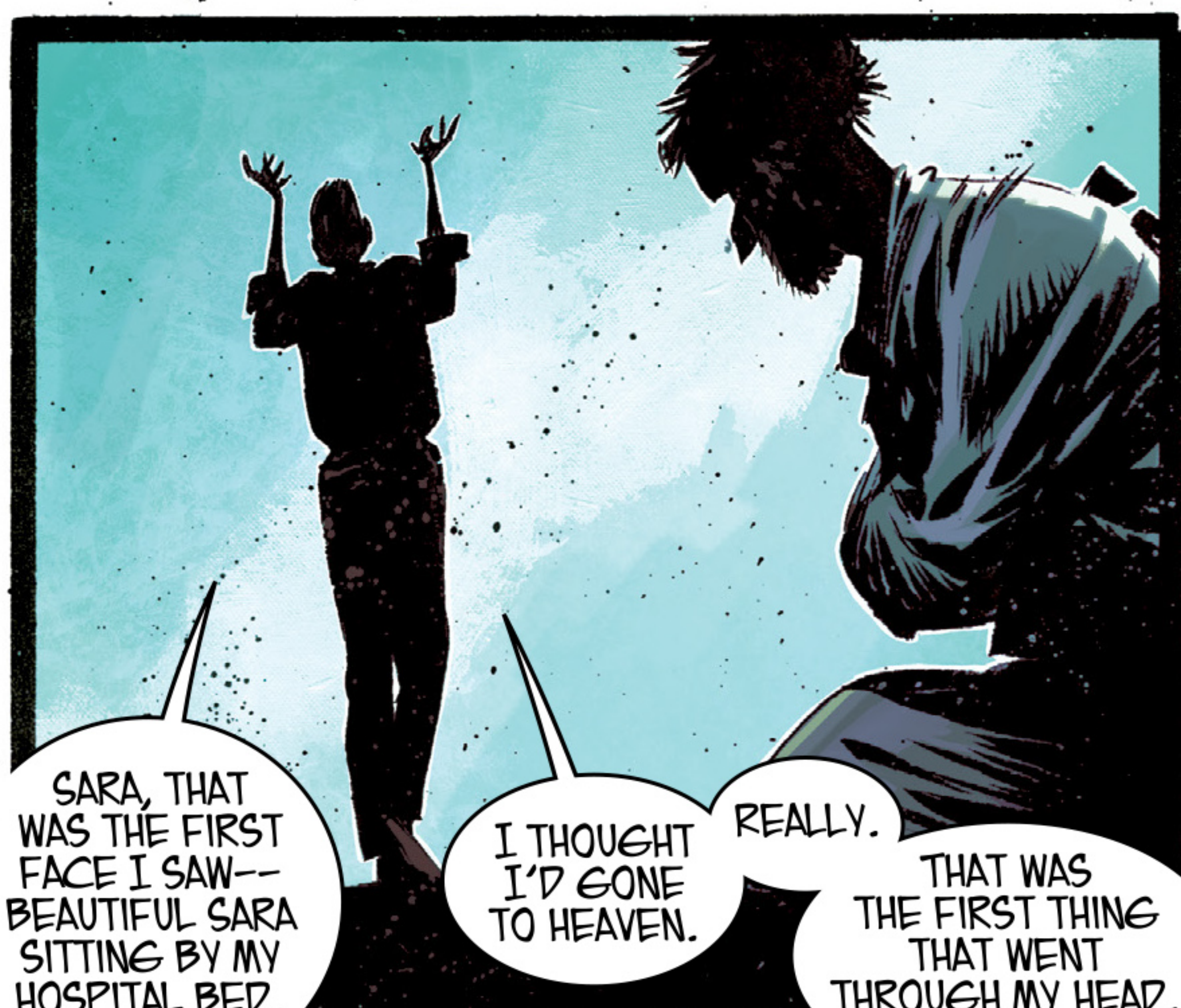
AFTER I'D
SPENT *WEEKS*
RISKING MY LIFE
TO DEFEND YOUR
FAMILY AND YOUR
CREW, YOU TRIED
TO KILL ME.



TO DEFEND THE
WOMAN WHO
MURDERED YOUR
PROTEGE.

DO YOU HEAR ALL
THAT AND STILL
THINK YOU'RE THE
HERO IN THIS
STORY?

IS YOUR
NARCISSISM
THAT
POWERFUL?



SARA, THAT
WAS THE FIRST
FACE I SAW--
BEAUTIFUL SARA
SITTING BY MY
HOSPITAL BED.

I THOUGHT
I'D GONE
TO HEAVEN.

REALLY.

THAT WAS
THE FIRST THING
THAT WENT
THROUGH MY HEAD.



"YOU'VE
GONE TO HEAVEN
AND A JUST UNIVERSE
HAS REWARDED YOU
WITH THE WOMAN
WHO HOLDS
YOUR HEART."



"THEY SAID I HAD A
THIRTEEN PERCENT
CHANCE OF SURVIVAL.

"BUT WITH HER SITTING
NEXT TO ME I FOUND THE
STRENGTH TO HOLD ON.

"BECAUSE, UNLIKE
YOU, GRANT..."



"...I
ACTUALLY
LOVE SARA.

I'VE GIVEN
HER THE LIFE SHE
DESERVED, A LIFE
OF HAPPINESS AND
TRANQUILITY.



SHE'S FINALLY
FREE OF YOU--
FINALLY OVER
YOU.

SHE'S
FINALLY
HAPPY.



BULLSHIT.

YOU
MURDERED
HER SON.

I REMIND
HER EVERY
DAY.



YOU--.



SON
OF A
BITCH!



YOU LIKE
TO SUCKER
PUNCH.

TRYING
TO HIT A
MAN IN THE
BACK.

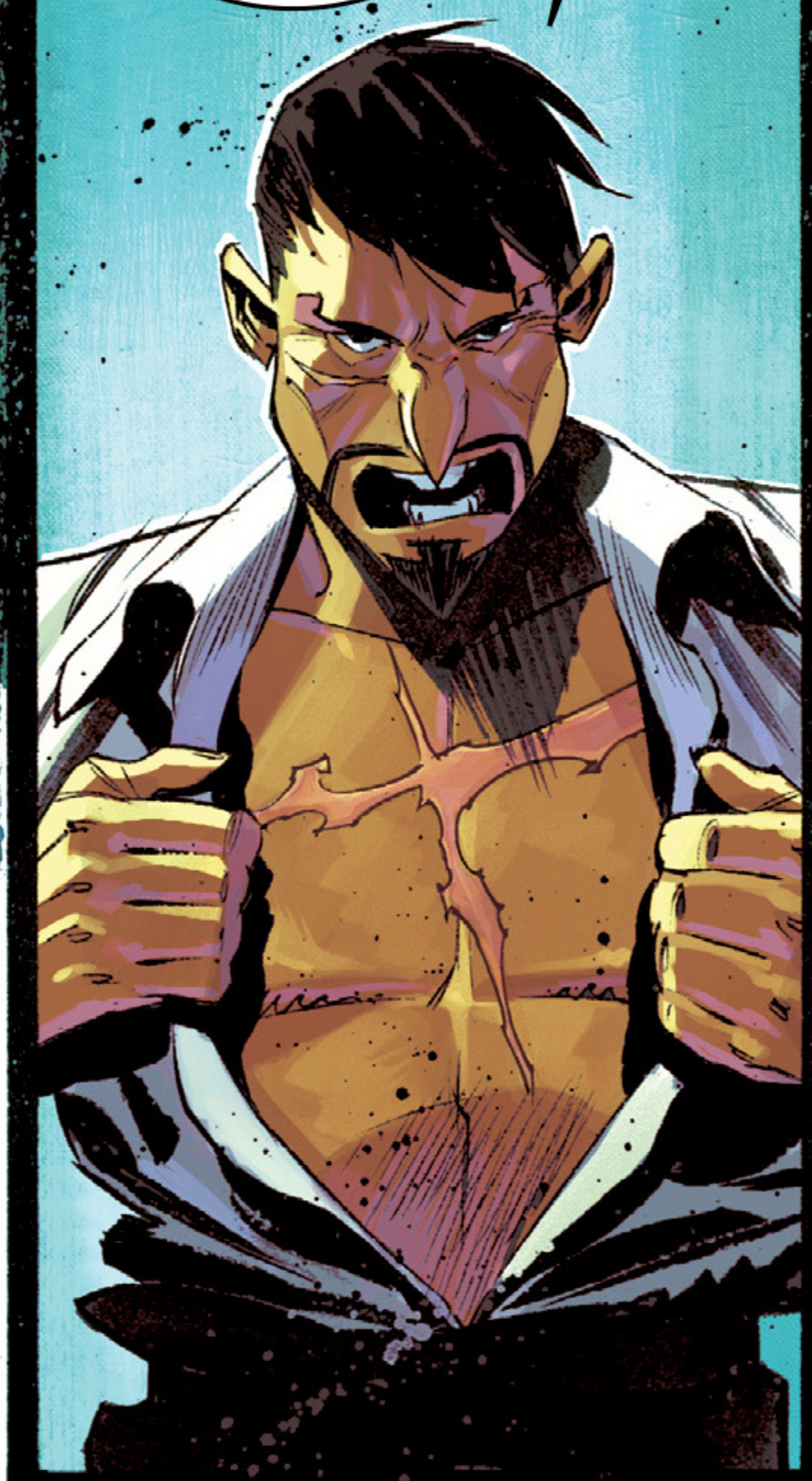
BECAUSE
YOU'RE A WEAK
COWARD.



STABBING A MAN
FOR PROTECTING
YOUR KIDS.

IN A FAIR
FIGHT YOU
WOULDN'T LAST
A MINUTE.

YOU'LL
APPRECIATE
THIS...



...THIS ISN'T
GOING TO
BE A FAIR
FIGHT.





BACKSTABBER



Here we are then! **25 issues of BLACK SCIENCE!** 25 issues of barreling through alternate realities, unlimited possibilities, frog monsters, living god planets, sci-fi mindwarp, and good crunchy drama.

25 issues of watching a man try to do the right thing, keep his family together and his soul from getting dragged down by all his sins. Grant has come a long way, but is he really better off? Landed in a padded cell, drugged out of his gourd, his family gone, the world convinced he's a monster, getting wailed on by a man he's despised his whole life? How much of this is Grant's own fault, and how much can he still do to turn the tide? 25 issues in, and we still have so much more story to tell.

When Rick called me up in the summer of 2012 and asked if I wanted to help him work on a new pulp sci-fi series, I didn't need to think twice. *Fear Agent* had already been a favorite of mine, and we had worked together on some crazy fun comics together over at Marvel. But what hooked me was the scope and scale of what Rick and his team were setting out to tackle with BLACK SCIENCE.

Here was a comic where literally anything could happen; the setting, narrative, and design possibilities were nearly endless. A comic unbound by the market's sometimes puzzling requirement to feel "grounded" and "realistic" when a double-wide splash of alien ghost-possessed mad monkey scientists just seems like a much better use of those pages.

Visually BLACK SCIENCE set out to reignite the parts of the comic reader's brain that too often are asked to lay dormant. To delight, shock, and excite readers with new and weird creatures, concepts, and worlds straight from the hand of one of the most savagely talented and hard working young artists of our time. For 25 issues now Matteo Scalera, together with first Dean White and now Moreno Dinisio, has churned out page after page of jaw-dropping fantasy sci-fi adventure that still manages to capture every subtle character beat, every raised eyebrow and sinister smirk.

Because at its core BLACK SCIENCE is a "grounded" and "realistic" story. A story about the struggles of raising a family, about the difficulty of staying true to your ideals when a world of responsibility is bearing down on your shoulders. About what happens when opportunity, guilt, and anger all come together at a time when fate presents you with a singular opportunity, one which you can see fanning out into a web of countless different outcomes, both victories and tragedies. All that is dangling from the tip of a single decision you now stand poised to make.

What path do you choose? And how do you live with the consequences?

25 issues later, and we're still exploring those questions and probing those answers. And at a milestone issue like this, we would like to take the time once again to thank each and every one of our readers for sticking with us and supporting the series over the last four years. It's no small thing to have as attentive and loyal an audience as we've been blessed with. So thank you thank you thank you from all of us.

If where we left off Grant, Pia, Kadir, Sara, Nate, Mr. Block, and all the rest of our cast and crew in this issue has you aching to find out where the story goes from here, you're in luck! Because we've been working overtime to cut down the gap between story arcs, and we'll be back in just ONE month with BLACK SCIENCE #26! Look for it in stores December 7th!

Until December then! Here's to 25 issues in the can, and to the mad, crazy, wild, and exciting future of BLACK SCIENCE.

Cheers,
SG

The thing you hate most holds your only hope.



RICK REMENDER, JEROME OPEÑA, & MATT HOLLINGSWORTH reteam to bring you the story of ADAM OSIDIS, a dying knight from a disgraced house, who must rid his world of an insidious God who has the power to give Adam everything his heart desires.

All men have surrendered their freedom for fear. The last free man must now choose.

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We don't go to
heaven when we die.

We come here.



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Capullo

NEXT ISSUE

BLACK SCIENCE

TM

26

RICK REMENDER
MATTEO SCALERA
MORENO DINISIO



\$3.99





SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"



BLACK SCIENCE

TM

25

RICK REMENDER
MATTEO SCALERA
MORENO DINISIO



RENDER

THE STORY SO FAR...

When Grant McKay, head of Anarchist League of Scientists, completed the Pillar Project, a device capable of punching through the barriers of reality and travel to alternate dimensions, he hoped this accomplishment would make up for a lifetime of regret and mistakes. He was wrong...

On its maiden voyage, the Pillar malfunctioned, jumping at random intervals, sending Grant, his team, and his two children Pia and Nate, spiraling through the Eververse, stranded in a chaotic maelstrom of infinitely potential alternate worlds.

Now, years after the Pillar's first catastrophic jump, Grant and his daughter Pia managed to find their home. Grant intended to leave his daughter safe with her mother and return to scouring the Eververse for signs of his son Nate.

But who greeted Pia at the door was not her mother Sara, but Kadir. Grant's longtime rival and onetime boss. Last she saw Kadir, Grant was plunging a sword into his chest, after having been tricked into thinking Kadir was threatening his team.

Grant, meanwhile, is ambushed near his Pillar ship by the security force of Mr. Block, CEO if Block Industries and lead investor of the Pillar Project. Block is overjoyed that Grant delivered this promising invention back into his hands. Grant is taken into custody, blamed for the disappearance of his son and daughter, and Block threatens Pia into keeping her silence.

The Anarchist League of Scientists is no more, and Block has the only working Pillar in existence...

RICK REMENDER: Writer • MATTEO SCALERA: Artist
MORENO DINISIO: Colorist • RUS WOOTON: Letterer
SEBASTIAN GIRNER: Editor

BLACK SCIENCE created by Rick Remender & Matteo Scalera.

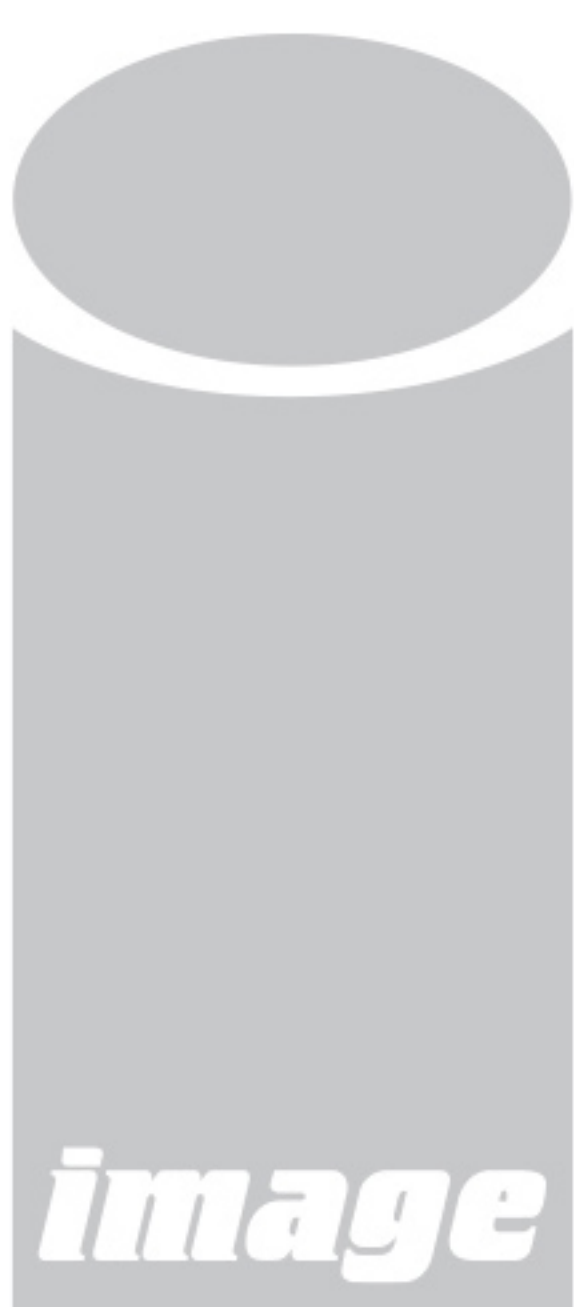


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A person with short blonde hair, wearing a white lab coat, is sitting on a white, curved surface in a dark, geometric room. The room's walls and floor are composed of large, dark, angular panels that create a complex, crystalline structure. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on the person's lab coat and the white surface they are sitting on, contrasting sharply with the deep shadows of the surrounding architecture. The overall atmosphere is one of isolation and confinement.

LIVED MY ENTIRE
LIFE FEELING ALONE.

A DISCONNECTED ALIEN
DESTINED FOR ISOLATION.

HELL IS OTHER PEOPLE.
SO I KEPT TO MYSELF.

FOCUSED ON MY PROJECTS.

EVENTUALLY, YOU GET
USED TO BEING LONELY.

SIX MONTHS IN A ROOM
ALONE MIGHT FUCK
UP A NORMAL PERSON.
BUT FOR *ME*...